

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

*Enter Exeter.*

*Exet.* Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:  
Nay stand not to expostulate, make haste;  
Or else come after, Ile away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay stay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

*Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow*  
*in his necke.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out,  
That whilst it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.  
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,  
More then my bodie parting from my soule.  
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,  
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.  
Impairing *Henry*, strengthened misproud *Yorke*,  
The common people swarme like summer flies,  
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the sunne?  
And who shines now, but *Henries* enemy?  
Oh *Phœbus*, hadst thou neuer giuen consent,  
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery steedes,  
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.  
And *Henry*, hadst thou liu'd as Kings should do,  
And as thy father and his father did,  
Giuing no foote vnto the house of *Yorke*,  
I and ten thousand in this wofull Land,  
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,  
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle aire?  
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?  
Bootlesse are plaints, and curelesse are my wounds,  
No way to flie, no strength to hold out flight,  
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,  
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.  
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,  
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the rest,

*Yorke and Lancaster*  
I stab'd your fathers, now come split my

*Enter Edward, Richard, Warwick*

*Edw.* Thus farre our fortunes keepe a  
Course, and we are grac'd with wreaths  
Some troopes pursue the bloody minded  
That now towards *Barnwick* doth poste a  
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away

*War.* No, tis impossible he should escape  
For though before his face I speake the  
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the  
And where so ere he be, I warrant him d

*Clifford* grones, and the

*Edw.* Harke, what soule is this that ta

*Rich.* A deadly grone, like life and de

*Edw.* See who it is, and now the batta  
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vsed.

*Rich.* Reuerse that doome of mercy, fo  
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,

And stab'd our Princely father, Duke o

*War.* From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch

Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford*

Instead of that, let his supply the room

Measure for measure must be answered

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatall Scritch

That nothing tung to vs but blood and

Now his euill boding tongue no more

*War.* I thinke his vnderstanding is be

Say *Clifford*, dost thou know who spea

Darke cloudy death ore-shades his be

And he nor sees nor heares vs what we

*Rich.* Oh would he did, and so perhap

And tis his pollicy that in the time of

He might auoid such bitter stormes as

In his houre of death did giue vnto ou

*George.* *Richard*, if thou thinkest so,

*Rich.* *Clifford*, aske mercy and obtai